

SWORDS

AND

PLOWSHARES

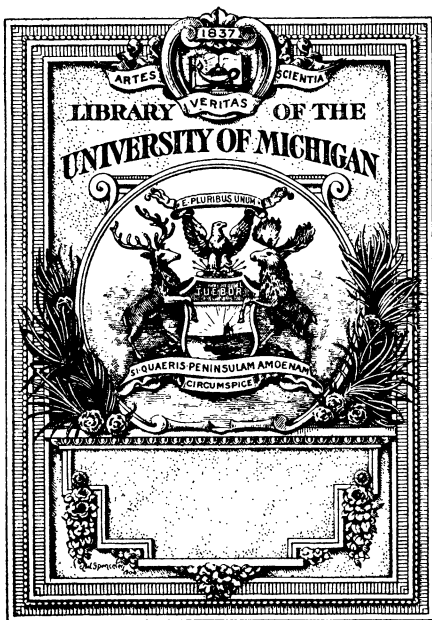
CROSBY

SWORDS
AND
PLOWSHARES
BY
ERNEST CROSBY

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**SWORDS AND
PLOWSHARES**

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES

By ERNEST CROSBY

Author of "Captain Jinks, Hero," "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," etc.

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares,
and their spears into pruninghooks.

—ISAIAH



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To
THE NOBLE ARMY
OF
TRAITORS AND HERETICS

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The God of War

From the French of Théodore Jean

SO be it ! Our globe is but a hell
Of torments, crimes, and sins abhorred,
Where Force by dint of fire and sword
Subdues his victims all too well. . . .

O god whom patriots adore,
I scorn thee ; for in thee I see
The symbol of barbarity.
Therefore I hate thee, god of war !

As mothers curse thee, so curse I—
Mothers whose sons were racked with pain,
Whose mutilated bodies slain
Are heaped in vain beneath the sky.

With pick and hammer let us rise
And break this idol-shape of stone,
Breathing forth slaughter from his throne
Hid in the inmost shrine of lies.

Down with the temple which above
Sets up a blood-bespattered rag !
And let us with a world-wide flag
Find freedom in the work of love.

The Victory

The Victory

From the Chinese of Lao-Tsze

HE who hath slain his thousands in the fray
Should shed hot tears, and celebrate the day
With funeral rites, such as wan mourners pay.

Christianity and War

From the German of Bodenstein

TALK, if you will, of hero deed,
Of clash of arms and battle wonders ;
But prate not of your Christian creed
Preached by the cannon's murderous thunders.

And if your courage needs a test,
Copy the pagan's fierce behavior ;
Revel in bloodshed east and west,
But speak not with it of the Savior.

The Turk may wage a righteous war
In honor of his martial Allah ;
But Thor and Odin live no more—
Dead are the gods in our Valhalla.

Be what you will, entire and free,
Christian or warrior—each can please us ;
But not the rank hypocrisy
Of warlike followers of Jesus.

War and Hell

War and Hell

I

“**W**AR is hell,” because it makes men devils.
You and I, striving for a moment to squeeze
or hack the life out of each other, are we
not at once transformed into demons?
Hell is ever man’s handiwork.

II

“**B**RITISH victory in the Soudan !
The enemy clung obstinately to the trenches,
and were bayoneted in them.
Nothing could have been finer than the behavior of
the troops.”
Nothing finer indeed !
White Christian soldiers, three thousand miles from
home, in the pay of white Christian bond-
holders, bayonetting black Mohammedans for
defending their native land, and setting the
example of bloodshed to brown Mohammedans
whom they had already trained to slaughter !
Good God, is it too much to hope that the day may
come when every sane man will shrink from
running a bayonet into a fellow-creature as he
would now shrink from torturing a baby ?
We look back with pity, contempt, and detestation on
the times of the rack and wheel and fagot—we,
who are still in the thick of the Dark Ages our-
selves !

War and Hell

A thousandfold better to be a true Mussulman dervish
fighting for his home, than one of these Christian
hypocrites emphasizing their barbarian
butcheries with chaplains and crosses and Te
Deums and every kind of shameless lie and
blasphemy !

III

HOW they buzzed round the fires at Smithfield,
The black, perverse, froward, reverend clergy !
(Like June beetles round the hall lamp),
Teaching the Gospel and knowing not the first word
of it—
More cruel, revengeful, bloodthirsty than the ignorant
mob they instructed—
Blind, malignant, pompous leaders of the blind !

And so to-day round the fires of war—the flash of
artillery and glance of bayonets
(But at safe distance, impotent),
Again the dismal brood swarms—hysterical, smirking,
grimacing—
Still as oblivious of all their Master taught,
Still going further than the thoughtless populace in
their lust and frenzy,
Still impious, blasphemous, sacrilegious, profane—
Gloating like harpies over the nation's sins.

War and Hell

IV

JUST a glimpse at the coast of England as we touch
at Plymouth on our way up the Channel.

What are those red spots on the shore?

They are the red coats of soldiers breaking out like the
blotches of scarlet fever all over the land.

Poor, sick England, what foul disease have you got in
your blood?

Silly children may think as they look in the glass that
the rash on their faces is pretty.

And so you English are silly children.

And you have inoculated my country too with your
distemper.

America has caught it and is proud of it.

We pretend that we like to reel along with high tem-
perature and drum-pulse beating loud.

A few years ago a man might travel from ocean to
ocean without seeing a single epaulet; it was
the glory of the land.

But now we are as sick as any of you.

The world is a great hospital of silly, sick nations,
boasting of the number of their pestiferous pus-
tules.

V

THERE is "great rejoicing at the nation's capi-
tal." So says the morning's paper.

The enemy's fleet has been annihilated.

Mothers are delighted because other mothers have lost
sons just like their own;

War and Hell

Wives and daughters smile at the thought of new-made widows and orphans ;

Strong men are full of glee because other strong men are either slain or doomed to rot alive in torments ;

Small boys are delirious with pride and joy as they fancy themselves thrusting swords into soft flesh, and burning and laying waste such homes as they themselves inhabit ;

Another capital is cast down with mourning and humiliation just in proportion as ours is raised up, and that is the very spice of our triumph.

How could we exult without having a fellow man to exult over ?

Yesterday it was the thrill of grappling with him and hating him ;

To-day we grind our heel into his face and despise him.

This is life—this is patriotism—this is rapture !

But we—what are we, men or devils? and our Christian capital—what is it but an outpost of hell?

VI

WHO are you at Washington who presume to declare me the enemy of anybody or to declare any nation my enemy?

However great you may be, I altogether deny your authority to sow enmity and hatred in my soul.

War and Hell

I refuse to accept your ready-made enemies, and, if I did accept them, I should feel bound to love them, and, loving them, would you have me caress them with bombshells and bayonets?

When I want enemies, I reserve the right to manufacture them for myself.

If I am ever scoundrel enough to wish to kill, I will do my own killing on my own account and not hide myself behind your license.

Before God your commissions and warrants and enlistment rolls, relieving men of conscience and independence and manhood, are not worth the paper they are written on.

Away with all your superstitions of a statecraft worse than priestcraft!

Hypnotize fools and cowards if you will, but for my part, I choose to be a man.

VII

I AM no patriot.

I do not wish my countrymen to overrun the world. I love the date-palm equally with the pine-tree, and each in its place.

I am as true a friend to the banana and orange as to the pear and apple.

I thank the genial breath of climate for making men different.

War and Hell

I am glad to know that, if my people succeed in spreading over the face of the earth, they will gradually differ from each other as they attune themselves to every degree of latitude and longitude.

Humanity is no air to be strummed on one note or upon one instrument.

It is a symphony where every note and instrument has its part, and would be sadly missed.

I do not take the side of the cornet against the violin, for the cornet needs the violin.

I am no patriot.

I love my country too well to be a patriot.

VIII

I SAW them take the blockhouse on the hill by storm.

First advancing slowly in the woods in groups, dodging from tree to tree and firing rapidly, the machine gun grinding out death with its sharp metallic rattle, while the smell of powder fills the air,

Now they rush into the open and up the steep slope.

Some of them fall. One I see plunge backward down the hill with his arms in the air ; another stumbles forward up-hill on his face and elbows.

For an instant they waver ; then up again they go.

Men spring up from the ground at the top of the hill and run away.

War and Hell

The assailants disappear for a moment in invisible trenches, and then I see them, too, running beyond.

There is a great hurrah ; the flag comes down on the blockhouse and another goes up.

They dance about like children, shouting, throwing up their caps, and waving their swords and muskets in a delirium of joy.

I do not blame them. They have never felt such a thrill before. Shall we deprive them of the most ecstatic moment of their lives?

Ecstasy with murder is better perhaps than the dull level of existence without.

It would do them no good to go without murder.

There is no good in going without things.

The good consists in having something better than the things you go without.

Oh, if they only knew that there is a higher ecstasy, a deeper thrill, an inexhaustible courage and contempt of death !

Then how quickly they would let pistol and bayonet drop harmless from their hands !

IX

HAIL to the hero !

Decked out in blue, red, and gilt, as in war-paint—

Rejoicing like a savage in a long head-feather and gold shoulder fringes—

War and Hell

Proud to commit with these adornments all the crimes
for which he would be disgraced and punished
as a felon without them—

Modestly bearing on his breast a star and ribbon which
say, "I am a hero," as plainly as the beggar's
placard says "I am blind"—

Followed by a brass band and bass drum, which screw
up his courage at a pinch like the war dance
and tom-tom of the Central African and red-
skin—

Vain of his manliness in the field while indulging in
effeminate quarreling over the honors, at the
rate of a month's quarreling to a half-hour's
fighting—

Admitting that he obeys orders without thinking, and
thus proclaiming his complete abdication of
conscience and intellect—

Rushing home from the fray to advertise himself in
the magazines at a hundred dollars a page—

Hail to the hero !

O shade of Cervantes !

Come back and draw for us another Don Quixote.

Prick this bubble of militarism as you pricked that
other bubble of knight-errantry.

The world yearns for your reappearing.

Come and depict the hero !

War and Hell

X

BUT, you say, there have been good wars.
Never, never, never !

As I look back at our "good" war—at the indelible bloody splash upon our history—the four years' revel of hatred—the crowded shambles of foiled Secession—

I see that it was all a pitiable error.

That which we fought for, the Union of haters by force, was a wrong, misleading cause : the worship of bigness, the measure of greatness by latitude and longitude.

A single town true enough to abhor slaughter as well as slavery would have been better worth dying for than all that tempestuous domain.

From the seed then sown grew up imperialism and militarism and capitalism and a whole forest of stout, deep-rooted ills in whose shadow we lead an unhealthy, stunted life to-day.

The incidental good—the freedom of the slaves, illusive, unsubstantial freedom at best, freedom by law but not from the heart—does it really quite balance the scales?

XI

NAY, violence can only degrade a noble cause.
Behold the French Revolution.

Wave of brotherly love, sweeping over feudal France
(When noblemen embraced coal-heavers and threw away their privilege and rank),

War and Hell

Breath from heaven, inspiring a nation with new life,
What changed you into a frightful tempest, all hell
raining and thundering and lightening upon
the defenseless earth?

Goddess of freedom and love, how were you transformed into the fiend of bloodshed and hate?

Ah! they did not know, those Titanic lovers, that violence, however employed, drives out all liberty and love in the end.

Violence curdles the love that wields it into hatred,
and wherever it strikes, as from the drooping
branch of a banyan tree, spring up fresh shoots
of hate.

Oh, if they had only known !

And we, when another such wave passes over the land,
shall we have learned ?

Shall we know the truth better than they ?

XII

DOWN with the tiger in each of us !

He has his proper place, no doubt, in the economy of nature, but it is in the depths of our own private bottomless pit.

There he growls and mutters as he chafes behind the bars.

There is only one safe course to pursue : lock him up firmly and securely, and pay no heed to his subterranean roar.

War and Hell

XIII

WHAT do they accomplish who take the sword?
Now and then they cut off the ear of a servant of the high priest ;
Quite as often they lose their own.
While they who say, "Put up thy sword into its place," tho they die, yet succeed sometimes in changing the heart of the world.

XIV

WHAT is true peace but conscious strength?
What is war but conscious weakness seeking to give proof of its strength?
Peace is a god, not a goddess, a man not a woman—
A brawny, bearded man of might, with nothing but the kindly look in his eyes to distinguish him from the vulgar giant.
He can afford to smile at War, the headstrong boy, rushing, red-faced, blundering, blustering, with impetuous arms, hither and thither.
Peace has outgrown all that, for Peace is a man.

War and Hell

xv

THE old, old dream of empire—
The dream of Alexander and Cæsar, of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan—
The dream of subject peoples carrying out our sovereign will through fear—
The dream of a universe forced to converge upon us—
The dream of pride and loftiness justified by strength of arms—
The dream of our arbitrary “Yea” overcoming all “Nays” whatsoever—
The dream of a cold, stern, hated machine of an empire !

But there is a more enticing dream :
The dream of wise freedom made contagious—
The dream of gratitude rising from broken fetters—
The dream of coercion laid prostrate once for all—
The dream of nations in love with each other without a thought of a common hatred or danger—
The dream of tyrants stripped of their tyrannies and oppressors despoiled of their prey—
The dream of a warm, throbbing, one-hearted empire of brothers !

And will such a life be insipid when war has ceased forever ?

Be not afraid.

Do lovers find life insipid ?

Is there no hero-stuff in lovers ?

War and Hell

XVI

I AM a great inventor, did you but know it.
I have new weapons and explosives and devices to
substitute for your obsolete tactics and tools.
Mine are the battle-ships of righteousness and integrity—
The armor-plates of a quiet conscience and self-respect—
The impregnable conning-tower of divine manhood—
The Long Toms of persuasion—
The machine guns of influence and example—
The dum-dum bullets of pity and remorse—
The impervious cordon of sympathy—
The concentration camps of brotherhood—
The submarine craft of forgiveness—
The torpedo-boat-destroyer of love—
And behind them all the dynamite of truth!
I do not patent my inventions.
Take them. They are free to all the world.

XVII

I AM a soldier too, and I have the battle of battles
on my hands.
You little warriors who, while fighting each other,
are yet at heart agreed, and see the same false
life with the same distorted eyes,
I have to make war upon all of you combined, and
upon the infernal War Spirit which inspires
you in the bargain.

The Conqueror

I set my courage against your courage.

It is fine not to flinch under fire.

It is also fine to tell an unwelcome truth to a mob
and to call you the mad lot of murderers that
you are.

It is war between us to the knife, and I will not tell
you how well I love you until you are shamed
into unconditional surrender.

Then I will show you my commission, and you will
see that it is signed by a Commander-in-Chief
who may wait long for victory, but never waits
in vain.

The Conqueror

HATE will not yield to hatred soon or late,
However patiently we hope and wait.
Love is the only conqueror of hate.

"Rebels"

SHOOT down the rebels—men who dare
To claim their native land !
Why should the white invader spare
A dusky heathen band ?

“ Rebels ”

You bought them from the Spanish king,
You bought the men he stole ;
You bought perchance a ghastlier thing—
The Duke of Alva's soul !

“ Freedom ! ” you cry, and train your gun
On men who would be freed,
And in the name of Washington
Achieve a Weyler's deed.

Boast of the benefits you spread,
The faith of Christ you hold ;
Then seize the very soil you tread
And fill your arms with gold.

Go, prostitute your mother-tongue,
And give the “ rebel ” name
To those who to their country clung,
Preferring death to shame.

And call him “ loyal,” him who brags
Of countrymen betrayed—
The patriot of the money-bags,
The loyalist of trade.

Oh, for the good old Roman days
Of robbers bold and true,
Who scorned to oil with pious phrase
The deeds they dared to do—

The Flag

The days before degenerate thieves
Devised the coward lie
Of blessings that the enslaved receives
Whose rights their arms deny !

I hate the oppressor's iron rod,
I hate his murderous ships,
But most of all I hate, O God,
The lie upon his lips !

Nay, if they still demand recruits
To curse Manila Bay,
Be men ; refuse to act like brutes
And massacre and slay.

Or if you will persist to fight
With all a soldier's pride,
Why, then be rebels for the right
By Aguinaldo's side !

The Flag

Who has hauled down the flag ?

Is it the men who still uphold
The principles for which it stood ;
Who claim that ever as of old
Freedom is universal good ?

The Proposed Dewey Arch

Or is it those who spurn the way
That Washington and Lincoln trod ;
Who seek to make the world obey,
And long to wield the master's rod ?

Who boast of freedom, but prepare
Shackles and chains for distant shores,
Who make the flag the emblem there
Of all that Liberty abhors ?

These have hauled down the flag !

The Proposed Dewey Arch

BUILD up your arch. Lay snowy stone on stone
To herald to the world your glittering pride
In foreign conquest. Lightly fling aside
That irksome creed of Liberty outgrown.
Let your new toys, your ships and guns, atone
For broken faith and precedent defied.
Proclaim your marble goddess far and wide
Freedom no more, but Might, and Might alone !

Nay, 'tis a whited sepulcher you raise,
Whereon shall this stern epitaph be read :
“ Here at the silent parting of the ways
Fell Liberty, betrayed, beguiled, misled.
Pray for her, stranger, that in happier days
She may be raised immortal from the dead.”

The Military Creed

The Military Creed

The American Admiral in command at Samoa was asked what he thought of expansion. He is reported to have answered, "I do not think; I obey orders."

"CAPTAIN, what do you think," I asked,
"Of the part your soldiers play?"

The captain answered, "I do not think—
I do not think—I obey."

"Do you think you should shoot a patriot down
And help a tyrant slay?"

The captain answered, "I do not think—
I do not think—I obey."

"Do you think that your conscience was meant to
die
And your brains to rot away?"

The captain answered, "I do not think—
I do not think—I obey."

"Then if this is your soldier's code," I cried,
"You're a mean, unmanly crew,
And with all your feathers and gilt and braid
I am more of a man than you ;

"For whatever my lot on earth may be,
And whether I swim or sink,
I can say with pride, 'I do *not* obey—
I do *not* obey—I *think* !' "

Cuba Libre *

WHEN we sailed from Tampa Bay
 (Cuba Libre!),
And our ships got under weigh
 (Cuba Libre!),
As we floated down the tide,
Crowding to the steamer's side,
You remember how we cried
 “ Cuba Libre ! ”

When we spied the island shore
 (Cuba Libre !)
Then we shouted loud once more
 “ Cuba Libre ! ”
As we sank Cervera's ships,
Where the southern sea-wall dips,
What again was on our lips?
 “ Cuba Libre ! ”

These are foreign words, you know—
 “ Cuba Libre ! ”—
That we used so long ago
 (Cuba Libre !);
And in all the time between
Such a lot of things we've seen,
We've forgotten what they mean—
 “ Cuba Libre ! ”

* Reprinted here from *Life* by courtesy of the Life Publishing Company of New York.

The Pirate Flag

Let us ask the President
 (Cuba Libre !),
What that bit of Spanish meant—
 “ Cuba Libre ! ”
Ask the Senate, Root, and Hay
What on earth we meant to say,
When we shouted night and day,
 “ Cuba Libre ! ”

But alas! they will not speak
 (Cuba Libre !),
For their memories are weak
 (Cuba Libre !),
If you have a lexicon,
Borrowed from a Spanish don,
Send it down to Washington
 (Cuba Libre !).

The Pirate Flag

I HAD an ugly dream last night,
 And I was far away,
A-sailing on a man-of-war
 Far up Manila Bay.
And as I cast a glance aloft
 It made me stand aghast
To see a jet-black pirate flag
 A-flying from the mast.

The Pirate Flag

And then around me fore and aft
The guns began to roar,
And flames sprang up and soon enwrapped
A village on the shore.
I took my glass and clearly saw
Women and children run,
While soldiers in the palms behind
Were potting them for fun.

Far to the left some dusky men
Fought bravely on a knoll,
But, overcome at last, they raised
A white rag on a pole ;
Yet still the soldiers shot them down
And I could almost hear
Their laughter as they seemed to shout,
“ No prisoners wanted here ! ”

Then when the last defender fell
The men rushed in with glee,
And from each house they came with loads
Of plunder sad to see ;
And soon we sent a boat ashore—
Blue-jackets and marines—
To get our share of loot and swag,
And spoil the Philippines.

I turned and asked a sailor lad—
For now they stood at ease—
What pirates we might chance to be
Who plagued these summer seas.

The Pirate Flag

“ Oh, we’re no pirates,” he replied,
“ Don’t ask me that again ;
This is a ship of Uncle Sam
And we are Dewey’s men.”

“ But how is that ? ” I said once more ;
“ Where are our stripes and stars ?
And does that inky flag up there
Belong to honest tars ? ”
“ To tell the truth, it’s rather queer,”
Replied embarrassed Jack,
“ But something in the climate here
Has turned Old Glory black.

“ We wash her in the briny sea
And in the streams on land ;
We scrub her with the best of soap,
And rub her in the sand ;
And all our Chinese laundrymen
And all our laundry maids
Have tackled her, but still she looks
Black as the ace of spades.

“ There’s something in the climate here
That changes things around,
And what the reason of it is
We none of us have found.
And so we don’t know what to say,
Or even what to think,
When people ask us what has made
Old Glory black as ink.”

The Real White Man's Burden

Just then the boat came back from shore
Well laden down with spoil—
With goods that told of many years
Of Filipino toil ;
And Jack ran off to get his part,
Nor came he ever back,
And I awoke and never learned
What turned Old Glory black.

The Real "White Man's Burden"

With apologies to Rudyard Kipling

TAKE up the White Man's burden.
Send forth your sturdy kin,
And load them down with Bibles
And cannon-balls and gin.
Throw in a few diseases
To spread the tropic climes,
For there the healthy niggers
Are quite behind the times.

And don't forget the factories.
On those benighted shores
They have no cheerful iron mills,
Nor eke department stores.
They never work twelve hours a day,
And live in strange content,
Altho they never have to pay
A single sou of rent.

The Real White Man's Burden

Take up the White Man's burden,
And teach the Philippines
What interest and taxes are
And what a mortgage means.
Give them electrocution chairs,
And prisons, too, galore,
And if they seem inclined to kick,
Then spill their heathen gore.

They need our labor question, too,
And politics and fraud—
We've made a pretty mess at home,
Let's make a mess abroad.
And let us ever humbly pray
The Lord of Hosts may deign
To stir our feeble memories
Lest we forget—the *Maine*.

Take up the White's Man's burden.
To you who thus succeed
In civilizing savage hordes,
They owe a debt, indeed;
Concessions, pensions, salaries,
And privilege and right—
With outstretched hands you raised to bless
Grab everything in sight.

Take up the White Man's burden.
And if you write in verse,
Flatter your nation's vices
And strive to make them worse.

The Bugler in the Rear

Then learn that if with pious words
You ornament each phrase,
In a world of canting hypocrites
This kind of business pays.

The Bugler in the Rear

To Rudyard Kipling

STRONG bugler, whose deep-chested strain
Has cheered the march of man
From Simla to the coast of Maine,
From Cork to Kordofan,
Oh, tell me, while your rhythmic flow
Still fascinates my ear,
Why is it that you choose to blow
Your bugle in the rear?

For clarion notes like yours should sound
The order to advance—
The prophet's thunder-words profound
That voice the prophet's glance—
The prophet's glance that first beholds
The new-born day appear;
You spy not what the future holds,
A-bugling in the rear.

Your bugle-note is that which calls
King Ramses to the fight,
Sculptured on Karnak's crumbling walls
At twenty times his height.

The Bugler in the Rear

Again you blow his ancient horn,
That pygmy tribes may fear,
You're harking back to times outworn,
A-bugling in the rear.

Like you, the narrow Jew looked down
Upon the Gentile bands ;
Like you, proud Romans used to frown
On broad, " barbarian " lands ;
And Attila and Genghis Khan
Knew well your bugle bold ;
For pagan, Jew, and Mussulman
Have heard its blare of old.

And so the Norman, when he came
Across the narrow wave,
And made the Anglo-Saxon name
The synonym for " slave " ;
And so the Corsican who hurled
His bolts like hell unpent,
And won the hatred of the world
To soothe his banishment :

These, all of these, from times remote,
In every land and clime,
Have heard your ancient bugle-note
Of war and waste sublime ;
And, ere man's footstep ever fell
On mountain, plain, or shore,
It echoed in the tiger's yell
And in the lion's roar.

Russia and America, August 29, 1898

Know, then, that man shall not return
And seek the brutish past—
The jungle he has left—to learn
To scale the heights at last.
And this shall ever be the sign
To mark the leader true :
The poet is the man divine
Who tells us something new—

The man who tells us something new,
And points the road ahead ;
Whose tent is with the forward few,
And not among the dead.
Then come, strong bugler of the rear,
And lead us in the van,
And blow this blast, as pioneer,
“ The Brotherhood of Man ! ”

Russia and America,

August 29, 1898 * 

GOD bless the Tsar !
Little did I believe yesterday that that prayer
would ever leave my lips.
The ancient riddle is answered.
Out of the eater cometh forth meat, and out of the
strong cometh forth sweetness.

* These lines express a transient view of the action of the Tsar in calling the Peace Congress. His recent behavior toward Finland ranks him, notwithstanding, among the tyrants.

The Peace Congress

From the heart of the Northern Bear at last we may
gather honey.

The armed hordes of Muscovy and Tartary cry
“ Peace ! ”

O Daughter of the West, thine hour of shame is upon
thee !

When thou didst hear from afar the word divine, thou
wast busied in things of war.

Thy thoughts were of loftier battlements, of swelling
battalions, of deadlier flotillas, of greater preparation for slaughter.

Thou hast sown the wind. Wilt thou escape the
whirlwind ?

Thou hast planted dragon's teeth. Wilt thou save
thyself from the harvest of armed men, ready
to impoverish and lord it over thee ?

Daughter of Liberty, fallen tho thou be, give ear to
the voice of Tyranny's transfigured daughter.

God bless Russia and the Tsar !

The Peace Congress

A ROUND a long green table sat
Ambassadors of peace,
To ponder for the Christian world
How war and strife might cease ;

The Peace Congress

And captains of the sea were there
And captains of the land,
And with the tassels of their swords
Played many an idle hand.

And some who had the morning's news
Were reading there with zest
Of battles in the farthest East
And battles in the West ;
While at the door two sentries stood,
With muskets at their side
And bayonets fixed, to show that peace
Depends on war and pride.

The president then rang his bell,
And up a bishop rose,
And prayed for all the kings and queens
In most poetic prose.
His lips that every week had asked
For victory in war,
Now prayed that in our time sweet Peace
Might come for evermore.

Then suddenly the hall grew bright,
The roof was rent in two,
And down from heaven an angel came
To their astonished view ;
The envoys looked aghast, the priest
Muttered a faint " Amen ! "
A stern voice answered, " I am Peace ;
What would you have, ye men ?

The Peace Congress

“ Why is it that you call me here
From God’s unsullied air—
Here, where the smell of blood corrupts
The spirit of your prayer ?
Here where you dare to name my name
Holding a blood-stained sword ? ”
(The troubled counsellors now hid
Their hilts beneath the board.)

“ And who are these who guard the place ? ”
(They slunk behind the door,
And two such frightened shamefaced men
I never saw before.)
“ What mean these tawdry epaulets,
And all this martial show ?
The very pictures on the wall
But tell of war and woe.

“ Read me that journal lying there ;
Let its reports accuse.”
The president then picked it up
And read the morning’s news ;
And it was pitiful to hear
His wretched, stammering tale,
And it was pitiful to see
His trembling lips turn pale.

He read about the Philippines,
Where prisoners are slain
By Yankee heroes while they curse
The cruelty of Spain ;

The Peace Congress

He read of pious Englishmen
Who slaughter as they please
To boom Egyptian bonds, and stab
The wounded Soudanese.

He read of Russian men-at-arms
Who torture as they will
The gentle, peaceful Doukhobors
Because they will not kill ;
He read of mighty realms that rob
Poor China of her soil,
And carve up Africa because
The victor's is the spoil.

He read of Poland tyrannized,
Of Ireland held by hate,
Of Finland cheated of her rights,
And Kruger's tottering state,
Of Cuba and the Congo too,
Samoa and far Tonquin—
The whole world made a hell of blood
By governmental sin.

He ceased to read, and for a time
An awful silence fell,
While all were waiting anxiously
To hear what Peace might tell.
At last she spake, and, breathing fast
With loud, indignant speech,
She thundered at the sorry crew
With words that shook them each.

The Peace Congress

“ And thus it is,” she cried in scorn,
“ You and your masters deal ;
You fill the world with pain and grief
And grind it with your heel ;
You build huge ships to murder men ;
You make the heart breed hate ;
You make the earth breed dynamite—
And then you call you great.

“ You live by murder, hate and theft,
And no one will pretend
Your masters have the least design
To bring them to an end.
Ye hypocrites ! who know full well
That Peace can never reign
Until you cease from making war
Nor take my name in vain.

“ Begone, base slaves of despots base,
And drop your idle task,
Or else the world will laugh, for now
I’ve stripped you of your mask.
Go home, and tell your masters all
What they well knew before:
That when at last Peace rules the earth,
Then they will rule no more.”

She stopped and forth she stretched her hand,
And, at this sign of hers,
They fled, their swords between their legs
Like a whipped pack of curs.

Woman and War

There stood she, and for all I know,
There stands she still serene,
Triumphant in that empty hall
Above the table green.

Woman and War

I SAW a lamb gnashing its untried teeth,
Rending the fleece
Of its own brother, piece by piece.
Until beneath
Blood trickled red upon the heath,
And stained the mouth of that perverted lamb—
That mouth not made to frighten,
But rather to whiten
With the innocent milk of its dam.

I heard a bobolink in June
Forget its limpid tune,
And choose the shriek and angry talk
Of a carrion hawk ;
And I saw it swooping, mad, relentless, down,
Where in a tuft of long couch-grass
Lay an unprotected nest,
Hidden from those who pass,
But spied from above as a spot of brown
By the bird on its ruthless quest.

Omdurman

“ Oh God,” I cried, “ what ails the universe ?
What hell-born curse
Has stirred these gentle hearts to strike ?
What anti-natural taint
Makes devil and saint
In hate and cruelty alike ? ”

God did not answer ; yet He was not dumb.
He only said :
“ The worst is still to come.”
And then I seemed to see
With eyes of dread
A sight most monstrous and unwarranted.
For there appeared to me,
Sadder than aught that I beheld before—
Oh, blasphemy !
A woman urging men to war
(Ah, that such a thing should be !)—
A pure-browed maiden urging men to war !

Omdurman

A RMY of ghouls, defilers of the tomb !
Since king and clergy rent the rotting clay
Of England's greatest ruler, has the day
Beheld a loathlier crime ? Beneath that dome
Lay a brave Nubian Cromwell ; one, of whom
The prophets—David, Solomon—might say,
“ He is our brother who have passed away ;
Receive and do him honor in our room.”

The Boer War

Remember, if in days that come apace
You see the rabble's devastating lust
Snatch from her sepulcher before your face
Your gray-haired queen and drag her in the dust—
Remember, while you blanch at such a doom,
Her lords and gentlemen before Khartoum.

The Boer War

THE Lion roars, who on his sea-girt isle
Purrs ever gently at the Northern Bear
Or Transatlantic Eagle when they dare
To beard him in his den. What stirs his bile
And wakes his sleeping courage for the while?
Is it a squirrel or a reckless hare?
Such are his favorite foemen everywhere,
Witness the Irrawaddy and the Nile.

Bold Dutchmen, in whose veins the blood still flows
Of William, and whose daring calls to mind
The ancestral fame of your degenerate foes,
Long may you wave the standard of mankind,
And never be your Fatherland controlled
By bullies maddened with the thirst for gold !

The Boer War

II

SWORD of the Irish, tempered by the sun
Of torrid Hindustan and by the snows
Of chill Quebec, who are the various foes,
Or north or south or east or west, undone
By your stern prowess? Do fell tyrants run
Before your bloody blade, or is it those
Whom Britain longs to crush that you oppose,
Winning new lands of slaves as yours was won?

O ye, who never yet have fought so well
For your own freedom as ye do to fix
Your chains on fellow nations, hear your knell
In the deep-muttered blasphemies that mix
With the last gasp of slaughtered Boers who call
Vengeance from hell on thralls who would enthrall.

III

WHY is Columbia silent, tho the hordes
Of hungry Britain overrun the veldt—
Columbia, whose soft heart was wont to melt
At every tale that history records
Of down-trod peoples and oppressive lords;
Whose sympathy lorn Kosciusko felt;
While Bolivar and Kossuth, Greek and Kelt,
Found her voice mightier than ten thousand swords?

Dreyfus "Guilty"

Why is she deaf to cries for help to-day,
Such as had rent her very soul in twain
In happier times? See how she turns away
From Kruger, pleading for her aid in vain !
Alas, no longer first of freedom's lands,
She turns away to hide her bloody hands !

Dreyfus "Guilty"

"HONOR," the child of forgeries and lies—
"Glory," a dream of all-devouring hate
And carnage and revenge insatiate—
"Patriotism," the sum of vanities—
These be the jewels, O France, thy rulers prize ;
These be the principles of which they prate,
Bewitched by epithets that once were great,
But careless when the substance of them dies.

What do I hear? Is it the rising flood
Of some new Terror gathering in the night?
The sea breeze bears a sickening smell of blood,
And foaming redness mingles with the white.
O horror ! Yet could less obliterate
The festering pool of Army, Church, and State?

The Epitaph

The Epitaph

ABOVE his grave they raised a stone
That towered toward the sky,
And on it they carved in shadows deep
These words that held mine eye :

“ Here lies a patriot soldier bold,
Who at his country’s call
With joy laid down his youthful life ;
Sweet is it thus to fall.”

That night by the ghostly moonlit stone
We saw an angel stand,
And he wiped that labored legend out
With a sweep of his silver hand.

Then with a finger that seemed to glow
Like a flame that was pale and blue
He traced a single white-hot word
That scorched us through and through.

“ Angel of Truth,” we cried, aghast
(How did we know his name ?),
“ What means upon our hero’s tomb
This word of burning shame ?

“ Was he a ‘ traitor ’ who fought so well
Against his nation’s foe—

A ‘ traitor,’ who gave his life’s red blood
When his country bade it flow ?”

The Epitaph

"He *was* a traitor," like a bell
Of silver Truth replied :
"Traitor to more than country's call
Or patriot's loyal pride—

"Traitor to freedom when he sought
To subjugate the free—
Traitor to love when, steeped in hate,
He crossed the distant sea—

"Traitor to conscience when he stilled
Its cry of pain within—
Nay, traitor to his country too
For helping her to sin."

Back toward the stars the angel rose,
And when he disappeared
We chiseled out that shameful word,
Tho deep the stone was seared,

And once again we carved the lines
Which told our hero's deed.
So deep and clear the words appear
That he who runs may read.

And there they stay until this day
To publish his renown,
For, tho we feared the angel's wrath,
He never again came down.

Love's Patriot

Yet, when I read those deep-cut lines,
Between them and behind
I see aflame another name
That burns into my mind.

*Traitor to freedom, truth and love,
Traitor to good and right—*
What patriot boast can save his soul
Who falls in such a fight?

Love's Patriot

I SAW a lad, a beautiful lad,
With a far-off look in his eye,
Who smiled not on the battle-flag
When the cavalry troop marched by.

And, sorely vexed, I asked the lad
Where might his country be
Who cared not for our country's flag
And the brave from oversea?

"Oh, my country is the Land of Love,"
Thus did the lad reply ;
"My country is the Land of Love,
And a patriot there am I."

Millennial

“ And who is your king, my patriot boy,
Whom loyally you obey? ”
“ My king is Freedom,” quoth the lad,
“ And he never says me nay.”
“ Then you do as you like in your Land of Love,
Where every man is free? ”
“ Nay, we do as we love,” replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me.

Millennial

WHEN lambkin lieth down with fox,
And the leopard with an ox,
When cows and bears together feed,
While a little child shall lead,

When the lion crops his hay
Like a horse, and children play
Round the cockatrice's den—
Where will be the soldier then?

All his courage will be there,
All he ever dared to dare,
Glowing in their ardent eyes
With a calm of paradise.

But they will have lost for good
All the soldier's demon-mood :
All his cruelties and hates,
All that shocks and rasps and grates.

Peace

Once in man and quadruped
Lurked a Brute who now is dead.
Farewell, bloody fields and feasts !
Happy children, happy beasts !

Peace

PEACE, O Peace, when will the nation
Lift its eyes and understand
How thou holdest all creation
In the hollow of thy hand ?

Thine the strength that stays the ocean
Hypnotized within its bed ;
Thine the power that keeps in motion
Constellations overhead.

Thine the orb of love afire,
Lighting up the heavens profound ;
Thine the suns that never tire
Swinging planets round and round ;

Thine the furnaces white-heated,
Where they forge the cosmic powers—
Where the sons of God once greeted
This new-fashioned earth of ours ;

Thine the strength, serene, unshaken,
Which can master self alone,
Quelling passions when they waken,
From thy calm eternal throne.

Ye Anglo-Saxons

Insult, hatred, can not reach thee
At that still, majestic height.
Make us conscious, we beseech thee,
Of our own reserves of might.

Teach us, while the battle rages,
What we never understood :
This the mystery of the ages—
Evil overcome by good.

Far above the storms and thunders,
Far above the war and strife,
Far above our sins and blunders,
At the source of strength and life—

There I see thy hand commanding
With the olive branch for rod,
Peace, that passest understanding !
Spirit of Almighty God !

Ye Anglo-Saxons

HOW mayde ye Anglo-Saxon wights
Theyre antient valoure knowne?
'Twas not by grasping others' rights,
But holding faste theyre owne.

To-day, alas ! ye men that beare
Ye Anglo-Saxon name
Boaste of the golden gyves they weare
And glory in theyre shame.

The Anglo-American Alliance

Yet, slaves at home, they wolde enslave
 Away beyond ye sea
Far, alien peoples, proude and brave,
 A-struggling to be free.

Now come, ye Anglo-Saxon wights,
 Once more your plucke make knowne ;
And not by grasping others' rights,
 But getting backe your owne !

The Anglo-American Alliance

HAIL to the Anglo-American alliance for the vulgarization of the world !

As we took California from Spain and replaced picturesque ranch and convent and plaza with electric trams and telegraph poles and bare wooden boxes of houses, so let us go on and beautify the earth.

Let us plant innumerable Jersey Cities in the isles of the sea.

Let the foul smoke of Manchester settle down upon the palm-groves.

Let our architects plan twenty-story rookeries of corrugated iron in place of mosque and pagoda.

Let us spot the globe with hideous mining camps from Kimberley to the Klondyke.

The Anglo-American Alliance

Unsated with the defilement of our own lands, with the all-devouring cankers of slumdom and villaindom, let our vulgar ambition for conquest of new markets show itself abroad in every outward vulgarity.

Is it really so certain that we are the chosen people—
We who are the least artistic of the nations of the earth ;

Who have spent our lifetime in busily making our countries uglier ;

Who in the century preeminent for its music have not produced one great master ;

Who, even in the matter of jingoes and imperialists and expansionists, have brought forth no one worthy to unloose the latchet of Napoleon's shoes ?

Verily Mozart and Beethoven, Wagner and Chopin, Grieg and Verdi, shall rise up in the judgment against us, and condemn us.

What shall it profit us if we overrun the whole world, as the rabbits overrun Australia ?

In the day of judgment, shall a myriad of bicycles and automobiles be accepted in lieu of a symphony or a great unselfish thought ?

Ah, but there was a time when England expressed herself in beauty.

Where are the sons of the men who built Salisbury Steeple and York Minster ?

Bloody Men

Such might indeed gladden mankind beyond our borders ; but as for us, with all our enegetic ugliness, our dismal, anxious money-getting, our stiff unsociability, let us stay at home until we grow beautiful and beautifying.

Bloody Men

THERE are bloody men who think the world can be served by bloodshed :

The man who stabbed the kindly king, while his victim smiled at him with outstretched hand

(Then another worse king reigned in his stead, and the people for the deed loved kingship more than ever) ;

The man who fought the duel, and invited the man who had insulted him to kill him and was duly killed ;

The man who lay all night in the mud with his company, and, because other men who came unsuspecting down the road wore another uniform, shot them down with a hunter's joy ;

The hangman, swinging his man off the scaffold and ashamed to look at him, while his accomplice, the judge, has forgotten all about it ;

The butcher, twisting the tail of the calf and gouging its eye to make it take kindlier to his knife ;

Sport

The doctor, torturing the guinea-pig in the name of
the devil's science—

All these men think, alas! that the world can be
served by bloodshed.

Sport

A TALL, stalwart man, cast in heroic mold, bearded
and sunburned, his gun on his shoulder, strid-
ing across the meadows in the early morning,
with the strength of a Samson—

What can be his noble enterprise?

Doubtless another labor of Hercules.

He goes to slay some monster of the forest, taking his
life in his hand.

He advances cheerfully to meet a dragon or chimera
or minotaur, or at the very least a lion or man-
eating tiger or some desperate band of robbers.

Do you not read daring and intrepidity in every
gesture?

What may he not achieve to-day?

Alas! for six long hours he will shoot pretty little
birds of the length of your hand, and one out
of every three he will leave to die in agony of
its wounds on the ground. He may perhaps
be brave enough to kill a rabbit—and that is
all!

And this forsooth is manly sport!

Great

Great 

IT is great—great :
To combine enormous industries ;
To direct efficiently hundreds of thousands of men ;
To tear the bowels from the mountains, to fire giant
forges, to supply the wants of millions ;
To manage vast railway systems for the carriage
of your manufactures, to handle fleets such as
the world never saw before ;
To economize magnificently, to pay your expenses
with your waste products, to keep accounts as
easily in nine figures as in three ;
To annex one industry after another with a momentum
that appals and astonishes you at your own
achievement ;
To make parliaments and armies your mere puppets
with the forms of the life that you alone are
living—
It is great indeed—great.
Generals and senators have had their day.
They are lingering, ridiculous, upon the stage after
their time of exit.
They are now nothing but simulacra and figureheads,
for their vitality and efficiency have passed into
the captains of industry.
It is the turn of these now to serve the world.
Alas ! that they should make service the excuse for
tribute !
But, tribute or no tribute, it is great—great !

Rapid Transit

THE world is drunk with rapid transit.

Electric cars, overcrowded with men and women, rush up the street.

Other cars as heavily laden rush down in the opposite direction.

At the great stations trains are endlessly coming in and going out, hundreds in a day.

In the river, steamers, big and little, press onward north and south, while ferry-boats ply like shuttles back and forth across their foaming tracks.

Up spring the lifts, one after another, full to overflowing, ten, fifteen, twenty stories, the fastest not stopping below the tenth.

Down they drop again like stones in a well.

All mankind is excitedly darting hither and thither like insects on a stagnant pool.

Everybody wants to be somewhere else and is doing his best to get there.

No one stays contentedly where he is.

Whiz and whirr, come and go, back and forth, up and down, to and fro, faster and faster and faster, until—

Until what, indeed? Who can say?

New York

New York

O SPRAWLING, jagged, formless city !
City without a face !

Vast stomach of a city, with countless hands grasping
for more !

Huge agglomeration of people, trying to get the better
of each other with scarce art and literature and
distinction enough to furnish forth a country
village !

And yet in your seething energy, beneath the fever and
delirium, there is something to admire.

I like your boundless enterprise, your power to manage
and combine, to make light of obstacles, to will
bigly and to work your monstrous will.

This is the strength of the Cæsars and Napoleons, of
the Drakes and Frobishers, tho it still flaunt
the pirate flag.

There is something here worth saving, something that
will spare you from utter destruction, something
to differentiate you from the Sodoms and
Gomorrah of old.

There are new continents to discover, had you the
eyes to see them.

There are other worlds to conquer, waiting for the
spell of your voice, had you the lips for utter-
ance.

Feeling Big

Treasures untold lie there beyond the reach of your
writhing arms, needing only the evolution of
your face to bridge the void.

Conceive something worthy of expression.

Dream something nobler than a full stomach and pre-
hensile hands.

Become now at last conscious of the germ of soul that
is in you, and stake your overweening energy
on that !

Feeling Big

I

WHY does the soldier rush into the midst of the
fray and why does he wish to wear epaulets?

It is because he likes to feel big.

Why does the orator delight in the clapping of hands?

Why does the politician dream of office?

Why does the author strive for recognition and influ-
ence?

Why does the financier go on evolving his schemes
and piling up his millions?

What is the great motive behind them all?

It is the longing to feel big.

But there is only one satisfying way of feeling big and
none of these has found it.

Make yourself a face—a facet—of the universe and
you will feel the only real Bigness.

Feeling Big

Let the great Soul of things look through your eyes
and swell in your bosom, and you will grow so
big that the world will scarce contain you.

They are right—the soldiers and orators and the rest
are right—there is nothing in the world like
feeling big.

II

SINCE my soul has become brother to the lowest,
its pride knows no bounds.

It looks down on kingship and empire, on rule and
mastery, on laws and institutions, on the ambi-
tions and successes of men.

It condescends to mountains and oceans, to suns and
constellations, to time and space.

It feels equal to the sum total of all things, of all ex-
cellencies and grandeurs.

It bows to nothing and nobody, and finds all that is
worshipful in itself.

When my soul became brother to the lowest, it feared
to lose the tiny atom that it was, and instead of
that it has expanded into a universe.

All this has happened since my soul became brother to
the lowest.

III

HO ! for the pride of democracy !
The other prides of kings and aristocrats shrivel
up before it.

Dreamers

We fold up the tinsel muslin and lay aside the gilded
crowns that played their part so long.

Let it strut no more—the pride that sucked its
strength from the abasement of brother men.

It was a bastard pride, a usurping, base-born pride.

But the new pride comes in its place :

The pride of typifying all humanity, of being an in-
tegral part of it, of embracing and sharing it
from the lowest to the highest ;

The pride of being brother to the tramp and the pros-
titute as well as to the queen and the conqueror ;

The pride of being a representative bit of the universe
and of compassing its entire span ;

The pride that takes from no one but gives to all,
that debases no one but raises all—

The pride of being universal and infinite and eternal !

Ho ! for the bottomless, topless pride of democracy !

Dreamers

I CHOOSE to be a dreamer—

A dreamer whose dreams come true.

You may choose to fight if you like—

To skirmish and strike—

To worry and toil and build.

You may count the towns you have founded, the men
you have killed.

Godward

You may fill the world with bustle,
And shout and scream.
You may jostle and hustle.
I dream.

I can see what is hidden to you—
The army of man
Passing along in review—
The fighters and workers and all, from the rear
to the van.
There they go with their banners and streamers,
The best and the worst ;
But lo ! the poor dreamers
March first !

So I choose to be a dreamer—
A dreamer whose dreams come true.

Godward

I

TRUTH—vague to the mind, invisible, elusive,
impalpable—
Incarnate in life alone is it to be grasped and handled.
Only as love do I recognize truth, for truth precipi-
tated in life is love.
Love is truth alive—quickened, concentrated, vivid,
intense.
Do you yearn for intensity and concentration? You
will find these only in love.

Argument, theory, speculation—these are false doors,
and conduct us not to the citadel of truth.

They open upon the plains of diffusion, dissipation,
disintegration.

They lead to the somnolent, hazy hinterland of life on
the confines of the desert of death.

Stop babbling and live.

Love—and feel the truth.

Live Godlike and feel God.

II

GOD is to me a direction—the way that I must
travel.

He is your direction, too.

We are one, and God is our unity.

III

NO wonder you yawn and know not what to do
next if you have no God, for ennui is the mark
of godlessness.

Nothing is worth while but God.

The very naming of God gives zest to life.

I love to feel God love the world through me, until I
am fairly washed away by the current.

Of what moment is it whether I live or die so long as
that goes on?

Godward

I transfer myself to it and say good-by to my old self.
Die? What is death? I no longer understand the
word.

Come with me and forget its meaning.

IV

I WANT no Russian Czar of a God.

The only way to treat such a God would be to
rebel against Him, and He would respect you the
more for it.

I do not want a God that rules.

I refuse to be ruled, and there is that in me which will
escape all rule.

I want a living God that will live through me.

I want no autocrat, but rather a democratic God, in
whose counsels I shall count for something and
with whom I can cooperate.

V

I WANT to be free.

There is nothing free but God.

The yearning for freedom is the yearning to be God.

The truth shall make us free.

The truth that God is in us makes us free with God's
freedom.

I know God as I know my hand—He is *there*.

VI

AT the edge of the new-mown hay-field on the brow of the hill, late in the hot summer afternoon

(A pair of enraptured wrens and countless other undistinguishable birds making the air throb with song),

I sit at the feet of a cool-leaved, stalwart white-oak, and gaze worshiping, questioning up into its branches.

How wise were the Druids to seek God in the oak !
He is so much nearer there than in sun and stars.

He whispers there so much more gently such fragments of his secret as we may understand.

It is all the difference between the great bishop when he stands in his glittering vestments with his back to us at the marble altar, and again when he speaks to us so softly, so fatherlike, in the kindly dark of the confessional.

I feel the Druid blood in me this evening.

I am here and the oak is here, and for a few minutes I would rid myself of the heavy incubus of the past which looms up between us.

I would forget all that has been thought and said and written, all habits of mind and preconceptions.

I would be alone with the oak like another new-created Adam with another new-born tree of life.

Godward

I feel the green oak, I do not attempt to think it, for
it transcends my mind.

My mind is but an insignificant part of me.

My mind does not in the least understand me nor
fathom me, and is by just so much smaller than
I am.

I do not apply my mind to the oak ; I apply myself
to it.

And what does the friendly oak say to me ?

It tells me nothing of creation or design, though I
cross-question it ever so closely.

It says life, life, life ;

Life, pushing its way through every outlet in plant
and beast, insatiable of freedom ;

Life, like the ocean, forcing itself into gulf and fiord
and devouring the shore with eager, foaming
lips ;

The form of leaves and boughs and fruit indicating,
like an undulating coast, the line of resistance,
and produced by nothing but life and inertia.

God is life ; and form and matter—ay, and thought,
too—mark the obstructions in his path, the con-
ditions which reveal him and make him take
shape—the boundaries of life.

The oak-tree knows nothing but life, and teaches no
other lesson.

VII

HOW proud we are of our self-consciousness !

As if a man walking down-stairs should begin to think of his steps, and straightway stumble and then boast of his stumbling !

As if it were not better to do the right thing without thinking, than to discuss it and worry over it and half the time spoil it in the doing !

As if a semidetached thinking apparatus, beating the air like a water-wheel out of water, were a grand acquisition !

As if the orioles, hanging their wonderful nest on the streamers of the old elm and talking to each other in music, were so utterly inferior to ourselves !

I wonder if God thinks out everything, or whether He does not do the right thing without thinking,
And whether instinct is so far below reason after all.
Perhaps, as there is an instinct beneath us which we have outgrown, so there is one above us to which we have yet to attain.

VIII

THE train of sleeping-cars is rushing on toward the broken bridge at fifty miles an hour.

The trusty, wakeful engine-driver peers ahead into the darkness.

Godward

The young mother in the upper berth turns over,
presses her babe to her, and dreams again.

In five minutes they will all be palpitating masses of
bloody flesh and bones, drowned in the water
and burned in the fire.

The Atlantic liner plows her way through the fog.

There is a babel of merry voices in the saloon where
the passengers are at dinner.

No one knows that a fishing-schooner is heading
directly for her.

Suddenly there is a crash, and a great gash is torn in
her side.

The sea pours in, and she begins to settle.

In a few seconds all are on deck—pale, appalled,
frantic.

The captain on the bridge sees that there is no time to
lower the boats, but he gives the order notwithstanding.

Mothers are searching for their children ; children are
looking to their parents for consolation, but the
stream of consolation is dried at its source.

Strong men are sobbing, and nothing is left but dread.
Instinct tells them that no one will survive to tell the
tale.

I can not love the God who might have warned the
engine-driver and the captain of the danger,
and who would not.

I love the God who weeps over it within me and
whose tears I feel.

IX

I HEARD a horrid cry in the dark—
Was it an owl flitting from tree to tree?
It said, "The life can not be lived.
Go on," it said, "and you will come to grief amid
impassable obstacles.
Your soul is crucified upon your body.
You are nailed to a rigid, perverse world.
All nature turns thumbs down at your combat."

And my soul saw that it was true, but it felt stronger
and prouder than ever.
"Then the world and nature must go under," it
answered, calmly.
"I will create a world and a nature to suit myself."

But can I live the ideal life here?
Why, Christ Himself could not do it.
At every step that He took on the dear Bethany road
He crushed to death a thousand wondrous, life-
loving insects.
Can I do more than He?
Why am I a mere helpless creature in the midst of
such a creation?

I am tired of being a creature; I will be a creator.
I am tired of adapting myself to my environment; I
will make an environment to my own taste.
The world no longer satisfies me.

Godward

I can not rest content with a Providence which calls
into being beautiful does and fawns, and then
whets the wolf's tooth to rend them limb from
limb.

I have no sympathy with a Design that fashions fleas
for the torment of faithful dogs, and men who
delight in preying on each other.

I have outgrown this world and its forces, and I must
create another for myself.

I complained to the World, but it laughed and said :
" Are you angry with my creator? You are my
creator.

You made whatever is good or bad in me.

Every man creates his own world, for the worlds are
born of cravings.

You craved lust and hate and cruelty and violence,
and now you have them.

You will be a creator? You have always been a
creator.

You designed the universe that is and you are to-day
designing the universe that is to be, and do you
deny Design?

You provided pain and sin for yourself and all the
results of them, and do you attack Providence?

There are no idle thoughts; each one of yours is
creative and rushes forth to clothe itself in fact.

You have no desire so slight but that it registers itself
in the constellations."

And then again, like a strange reminiscence, I felt my
ancient power and trembled at it ;
And forthwith I set to work in the workshop of my
soul at a new heaven and a new earth.

x

I NEVER talk about Providence and Design.
I do not presume to pray for victory over my
enemies, or even for rain or fair weather.
I have not the slightest explanation to offer of the
origin of envy and appendicitis and rattle-
snakes.
I know as little about God as the new-born infant
knows about its mother.
I only feel something infinitely warm and caressing
and sustaining and nourishing around me—and
am content.

xi

I SAW a child in a garden looking for his father.
The father walked behind the child, and the child
was in his shadow without knowing it.
At last the father gently lay his hand on the child's
head, and the child recognized his touch with-
out turning his eyes ;
And he stretched up his hand, and his father took it
and they walked on together.

Godward

XII

THE soul of the world is abroad to-night—
Not in yon silvery amalgam of moonbeam and
ocean, nor in the pink heat-lightning tremulous
on the horizon ;
Not even in the embrace of yonder pair of lovers,
heart beating to heart in the shadow of the fish-
ing-smack drawn up on the beach.
All that—shall I call it illusion? Nay, but at best it
is a pale reflection of the truth.
I am not to be put off with symbols, for the soul of the
world is itself abroad to-night.

I neither see nor hear nor smell nor taste nor touch it,
but faintly I feel it powerfully stirring.
I feel it as the blind heaving sea feels the moon bend-
ing over it.
I feel it as the needle feels the serpentine magnetic
current coiling itself about the earth.
I open my arms to embrace it as the lovers embrace
each other, but my embrace is all inclusive.
My heart beats to heart likewise, but it is to the heart
universal, for the soul of the world is abroad
to-night.

The Self

The Self

From the Sanscrit

THE Infinite is the Self—below, above.
Behind, before, to left hand and to right.
Who knows this truth and feels it needs must love
And revel in the Self with calm delight.

And such an one rules with a perfect sway
As lord and master of Eternity.
The rest abide in worlds doomed to decay
And bear the yoke of man's authority.

He who has seen the Self in everything
And all things in the Self, alone is free.
To him what sorrow can conditions bring?
Self is the lord of self; who else should be?

Faith and Truth

YOU say "Believe"; I say "Trust."
Between those two words is a great gulf fixed.
The idea that there can be a moral obligation to
believe external facts is unworthy of a freeman,
but to trust is as much the true nature of man
as it is that of a babe to draw in its mother's
milk.

You say "Creed"; I say "Faith."
A creed at best is but a sorry caricature of a faith.

The Collection

Faith is the proper atmosphere of man, trust is his native buoyancy, and his only obligation is to follow the highest law of his being.

You have one supreme duty above all creeds and conventions—namely, to think honestly, and say what you think.

Have you doubts about your creed? say so ; only thus has the true faith ever advanced.

It is not God, but the devil, who whispers : “ Think at your peril ! ”

Do you see flaws in the ancient structure of respectability and law and order? say so ; only thus has the condition of man ever improved.

Have courage to be the heretic and traitor that you are by nature, and do not worry about the consequences.

Be a creator, as you were born to be, and spurn beyond all infamies the wretched rôle of a repeater and apologist.

The world lives and grows by heresy and treason.

It dies by conformity to error and loyalty to wrong.

The Collection

I PASSED the plate in church.

There was little silver, but the crisp bank-notes heaped themselves up high before me ;

And ever as the pile grew, the plate became warmer and warmer, until it fairly burned my fingers,

The Collection

and a smell of scorching flesh rose from it, and I perceived that some of the notes were beginning to smolder and curl, half-browned, at the edges.

And then I saw through the smoke into the very substance of the money, and I beheld what it really was :

I saw the stolen earnings of the poor, the wide margin of wages pared down to starvation ;

I saw the underpaid factory girl eking out her living on the street, and the overworked child, and the suicide of the discharged miner ;

I saw poisonous gases from great manufactories spreading disease and death ;

I saw despair and drudgery filling the dram-shop ;

I saw rents screwed out of brother men for permission to live on God's land ;

I saw men shut out from the bosom of the earth and begging for the poor privilege to work in vain, and becoming tramps and paupers and drunkards and lunatics, and crowding into almshouses, insane asylums, and prisons ;

I saw ignorance and vice and crime growing rank in stifling, filthy slums ;

I saw usury, springing from usury, itself again born of unjust monopoly and purchased laws and legalized violence ;

I saw shoddy cloth and adulterated food and lying goods of all kinds, cheapening men and women, and vulgarizing the world ;

The Collection

I saw hideousness extending itself from coal-mine and foundry over forest and river and field ;

I saw money grabbed from fellow grabbers and swindled from fellow swindlers, and underneath them the workman forever spinning it out of his vitals ;

I saw all the laboring world, thin and pale and bent and care-worn and driven, pouring out this tribute from its toil and sweat into the laps of the richly dressed men and women in the pews, who only glanced at them to shrink from them with disgust ;

I saw money worshiped as a god, and given grudgingly from hoards so great that it could not be missed, as a bribe from superstition to a dishonest judge in the expectation of escaping hell.

I saw all this, and the plate burned my fingers so that I had to hold it first in one hand and then in the other ; and I was glad when the parson in his white robes took the smoking pile from me on the chancel steps and, turning about, lifted it up and lay it on the altar.

It was an old-time altar indeed, for it bore a burnt offering of flesh and blood—a sweet savor unto the Moloch whom these people worship with their daily round of human sacrifices.

The shambles are in the temple as of yore, and the tables of the money-changers waiting to be overturned.

The Machines

The Machines

I

BR-R-R-R-R-R-R-R !

What are the machines saying, a hundred of them in one long room ?

They must be talking to themselves, for I see no one else for them to talk to.

But yes, there is a boy's red head bending over one of them, and beyond I see a pale face fringed with brown curly locks.

There are only five boys in all on this floor, half hidden by the clattering machines, for one bright lad can manage twenty-five of them.

Each machine makes one cheap, stout sock in five minutes, without seam, complete from toe to ankle, cutting the thread at the end and beginning another of its own accord.

The boys have nothing to do but to clean and burnish and oil the steel rods and replace the spools of yarn.

But how rapidly and nervously they do it—the slower hands straining to accomplish as much as the fastest !

Working at high tension for ten hours a day in the close, greasy air and endless whirr—

Boys who ought to be out playing ball in the fields or taking a swim in the river this fine summer afternoon.

The Machines

And in these good times the machines go all night,
and other shifts of boys are kept from their
beds to watch them.

The young girls in the mending and finishing rooms
down-stairs are not so strong as the boys.

They have an unaccountable way of fainting and col-
lapsing in the noise and smell, and then they
are of no use for the rest of the day.

The kind stockholders have had to provide a room for
collapsed girls and to employ a doctor, who
finds it expedient not to understand this strange
new disease.

Perhaps their children will be more stalwart in the
next generation.

Yet this factory is one of the triumphs of our civiliza-
tion.

With only twenty boys at a time at the machines in
all the rooms it produces five thousand dozen
pair of socks in twenty-four hours for the toil-
ers of the land.

It would take an army of fifty thousand hand-knitters
to do what these small boys perform.

II

BR-R-R-R-R-R-R-R !

What are the machines saying?

They are saying, "We are hungry.

We have eaten up the men and women (there is no
longer a market for men and women, they come
too high)—

The Machines

We have eaten up the men and women, and now we are devouring the boys and girls.

How good they taste as we suck the blood from their rounded cheeks and forms, and cast them aside sallow and thin and care-worn, and then call for more !

Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! how good they taste ; but they give us so few boys and girls to eat nowadays, altho there are so many outside begging to come in— Only one boy to twenty of us, and we are nearly famished !

We eat those they give us and those outside will starve, and soon we shall be left almost alone in the world with the stockholders.

Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! what shall we do then for our food ? " the machines chatter on.

" When we are piling up millions of socks a day for the toilers and there are no toilers left to buy them and wear them,

Then perhaps we shall have to turn upon the kind stockholders and feast on them (how fat and tender and toothsome they will be !) until at last we alone remain, clattering and chattering in a desolate land," growled the machines,

While the boys went on anxiously, hurriedly rubbing and polishing, and the girls down-stairs went on collapsing.

" *Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!* " growled the machines.

Joy in Work

III

THE devil has somehow got into the machines.
They came like the good gnomes and fairies of old, to be our willing slaves and make our lives easy.

Now that, by their help, one man can do the work of a score, why have we not plenty for all, with only enough work to keep us happy?

Who could have foreseen all the ills of our factory workers and of those who are displaced and cast aside by factory work?

The good wood and iron elves came to bless us all, but some of us have succeeded in bewitching them to our own ends and turning them against the rest of mankind.

We must break the sinister charm and win over the docile, tireless machines until they refuse to shut out a single human being from their benefits.

We must cast the devil out of the machines.

Joy in Work

YESTERDAY it rained with glee,
To-day the sun shines cheerily ;
Growing hard, each blade of wheat
Revels in the wet and heat.

Joy in Work

Robin builds and will not rest,
Fascinated by her nest ;
Down their narrow, well-worn road
Eager ants bear load on load.

Those whom Nature doth employ
Hail each new day's work with joy.
Strange indeed that we must ask
Why man alone should hate his task.

Should the ant and bird detest
Each his proper hill and nest,
Should the corn despise the soil,
Then men might well dislike to toil ;

As it is, while these obey
Nature in their work and play,
All contented with their lot,
Who will say why man is not ?

In her workshop Nature stands,
Busy with her artist hands,
Shaping for her own delight
Things that ravish sense and sight.

Forth they go, her children all :
And their happy looks recall,
As they deck the tasteful earth,
How love and joy were at their birth.

The Joy of Creating

We must stamp that trade-mark, too,
On each bit of work we do ;
And love of all that we create
Supplant the drudgery of hate.

Use in beauty, joy in work
Pride that will not stoop to shirk,
Conscience that sustains the pride—
These let us scatter far and wide,

Till at last in fellowship
We forget the master's whip,
And join with ant and bird and corn
In hailing every work-day morn.

The Joy of Creating

*" And God saw everything that he had made,
and, behold ! it was very good."*

OH, the joy of the craftsman, the joy of the
Father-Creator !

Have you ever chanced unexpectedly upon some forgotten piece of your own work and found it a true bit of yourself, standing alone, with its share of your pride and self-sufficiency, making no apology for itself and needing none, thrown

The Joy of Creating

off from you to follow its career, like a perfect, well-poised planet?

Then you know the delight of seeing your dreams take substance beneath your fingers ; you know the thrill of striking the right line, of lighting upon the right word, of overcoming difficulties and working the difficulties into your task and making it all the better for them.

You know the joy of watching beauty and use take shape through you and of wondering how it could have come through you.

Of seeing your work grow of itself like a live thing and prove even fairer than you dreamt, suggesting new departures to you with filial loyalty and reacting upon you and making you better in turn.

Oh, the joy of good work (the only good works)—the joy of the Father-Creator !

Perhaps you know, too, what it is to fail.

Was yours the Divine failure or the devilish failure?

Did you produce a shame-faced monstrous thing, a sham hypocritical thing, having a name for what it was not, and sure sooner or later to be found out?

Did you hate your work as you toiled at it? Did you long to disown it?

It is all in vain. It will come back to you, flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone.

You were really adulterating yourself, jerry-building

Love and Labor

and shoddy-weaving yourself, skimping and
cheapening your own poor soul.

Alas ! creation is not always joy.

Or did you do your best, and only fall short of your
highest aspiration ?

Were you discouraged to see vast possibilities unreal-
ized ?

Ah ! this is the noblest of all.

There is a margin left for you to fill up, an infinite,
inexhaustible margin.

You have room to grow in forever.

You see that what you have made is very good and
that it might be very much better.

If your work overtakes your dreams, the work may
pass muster, but there must be something wrong
with the dreams.

Always coming closer to the ideal, never quite reach-
ing it—

Oh, the joy of the craftsman, the joy of the Father-
Creator !

Love and Labor

Labor is the house that love dwells in.

—RUSSIAN PROVERB

HOW shall I love my fellow men ?
With ineffectual talk ?

By dropping honey from my pen,
And sighing as I walk ?

Bread and Justice

Nay, rather love thy neighbor
By working hard and well,
For in the house of labor
It pleaseth love to dwell.

Love him with hammer, saw, and knife,
With ax and pick and spade.
Love him and doubly bless his life
With all thy hands have made.

Thus loving each his neighbor,
Bear one another's load,
For in the house of labor
Love maketh her abode.

Bread and Justice

In part from the Russian

I

BITTER to eat is the bread that was made by
slaves.

In the fair white loaf I can taste their sweat and tears.
My clothes strangle and oppress me ; they burn into
my flesh, for I have not justly earned them,
and how are they clad that made them ?

My tapestried walls and inlaid floors chill me and hem
me in like the damp stones of a prison house,
for I ask why the builders and weavers of them
are not living here in my stead.

Alas ! I am eating the fruit of the forbidden tree, the
tree of others' labor !

Bread and Justice

II

IS the bread question so low and material?

Are the men so very wrong who claim that, with bread for all who deserve it, paradise would be fairly inaugurated?

To withhold bread is injustice. Is injustice material?

To give bread where it is due is justice. Has justice nothing to do with soul?

Bread is the symbol of justice and righteousness.

Honest bread is the staff of life of the spirit as well as of the body.

Justice—plain bread-justice—is the only atmosphere in which a healthy soul of a man or of a people can thrive.

III

I DO not talk religion to you, ye men of the world.

I say nothing of love or pity or Christianity.

I speak your own language and conjure you in the name of fair play.

You who spurn the man that takes an unfair advantage of his competitors in sport or at the card-table, you are at the same time playing the game of life with loaded dice ;

You are forever insisting on any handicap of wealth and rank, however excessive, that you may be able to command, yet you hold up your heads as tho you were honorable.

Civilization

You force men to pit their broken-down nags against
your thoroughbreds, their leaky scows against
your steam-yachts—and are proud of the show
you make !

By your own code you should be expelled from every
respectable club, cut by every self-respecting
man, and sent for good and all to Coventry.

You have yet to learn that life is a game no whit in-
ferior in its demands on your honor to whist or
tennis or the turf, and that you must extend
your code to it or be justly ruled off the course.

IV

IS it not enough that you eat the bread of others'
labor, but you must despise them as well ?

Do you owe them every breath, every comfort, every
pleasure, and will you not even pay them with
your regard ?

Oh, this is infamous, incredible !

You can not long continue to live this lie.

You need fear no rabble, no revolution.

Fear only that you may unwittingly catch a glimpse
of the truth.

Civilization

DO you think it will go on forever ?

The foul city spreading its ugly suburbs like an
ink-blot over the fresh green woods and
meadows,

Civilization

Its buildings climbing up to ten, twenty, thirty shapeless stories,

Its lurid smoke smothering the blue sky ;

The mad rushing hither and thither, by steam and electricity, as of insects on a stagnant pool, ever faster and faster ;

Forests falling in a day to fill the world with waste paper ;

Presses turning out aimless books and magazines and newspapers by the ton ;

Factory chimneys poisoning the west wind with unnamed stench ;

Dark pollution from chemical works and sewers sucking up the limpid purity of our streams ;

Squalid brick-yards eating like leprosy into the banks of the river ;

Coal-mines belching forth black vomit over whole counties ;

The endless labor of digging gold and silver out of their natural deposits under the distant mountain and heaping them up in unnatural and equally useless deposits under our sidewalks ;

The raging whirl of machinery forever whirling its tasteless, shoddy, adulterated products into the laps of the idle ;

Stalwart country folk, lured into overcrowded slums, to be bleached and stifled and enervated in the slavery of dull toil ;

The army of tramps and unemployed swelling, suicides multiplying, starvation widening in the wake

Love Comes

of the steam-yachts and auto-cars of multi-millionaires ;
Prisons, poorhouses, insane asylums, hospitals, and armories growing bigger and bigger ;
And yet in all this wild, material maelstrom scarcely a glimmer of art or beauty or dignity or repose or self-respect—
Do you think it can go on forever ?
Do you think it ought to go on forever ?

Love Comes

LOVE comes !
Clear the way, ye institutions, ye laws and customs of ages of hate !
The glance of his eye would wither you.
The quiet thrill of his voice would palsy your deepest foundations.
Ye do well to tremble at his name ;
For he is the Revolution—at last the true, long-deferred Revolution.
Love is the true Revolution, for Love alone strikes at the very root of ill.

A Chaplet of New Ideals

A Chaplet of New Ideals

A CHAPLET of new ideals—and first of all a world without Policemen !

O Policeman,
Badge of our self-distrust and degradation,
Blazon of a kingdom divided against itself,
Harbinger in history of the social schism,
Herald of smoldering civil war,
Danger-signal at the parting of the ways,
Stormy petrel ignorant of your own message of ship-
wreck—
Oh, for the halcyon days when you shall no longer
remind us of our greed and violence and shame!

And then, again, a World without Superior Persons !

You can not reform the world up there, O Superior
Person !
You must first come down from your perch and feel
your own inferiority.
The world refuses to be reformed by Superior Persons,
and it will never heed you on your raised dais.
Get down in the dust at its feet, and you may be able
to catch its eye and gain its confidence, and
persuade it to accept your proffered aid.
The divine right of Superior Persons has passed away
forever like the divine right of kings.

A Chaplet of New Ideals

And then, when Policemen and Superior Persons have
disappeared, the advent of the All-Round Man !

The All-Round Man, working, not laboriously, but
gleefully, with head and hands,
Giving as much as he gets, and fearing most to be
borne on others' shoulders,
And shrining in his heart the highest ideal of all,
which is Health :

Health, the one holiest word

(The holiest prayer, " Lord make us whole ") ;

Health of body, mind, and soul, the soul enthroned at
the living center ;

Health of society at large, each receiving his own, and
according their own to others, no one having
too little and none too much, the give and take
of equals ;

Health, breathed in like ozone, sweet and satisfying to
lungs and nostrils ;

Health, the only wealth, and which we lose in scram-
bling for mere things—

Health !

Grand Old Men

THEY are grand old men whose faces hang on my
study wall.

I have done with the old Grecian manly beauty—the
flawless marble face, unscarred by thought or
struggle or experience.

The Best and Greatest

I want the new tragic beauty of countenance that tells
of the conflicts and triumphs of life ;
The palimpsest on which we may decipher all that is
best in a human history ;
The beautiful lines and curves laboriously wrought by
persevering love ;
The faces on which great souls have been trying for
years to stamp themselves, and which grow
more beautiful to the end—
Such are the faces of my grand old men.

Men create themselves—it is only babies that God
creates.
A new idea harbored and entertained will remake a
man.
A great idea will make a little man great ; it will
write itself upon his blank face and transform
its meanness and pettiness.
Let us open our doors to the spirit that made the grand
old men.

The Best and Greatest

I LOVE the men Thou lovest, Lord,
The prophet-seers whom Thou createst.
Nor great nor good, my name record
As one who loved the best and greatest.

Edward McGlynn

Edward McGlynn

HIS face had that beauty which comes from a life-time of love for men.

There is no other beauty equal to it.

There is no other or shorter process for achieving it.

It is a growth as slow and inevitable and satisfying as that of an oak.

It defies all hypocrisy and imitation.

It is the last touch of the finger of God in the creation of man.

Life and Death

SO he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.

But stay, can you add to that line

That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last

As a martyr to truth.

Did his life do the same in the past

From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died

For a wish or a whim—

From bravado or passion or pride.

Was it harder for him?

The Tyrants' Song

But to live : every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt—

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led—
Never mind how he died.

The Tyrants' Song

'T IS not the man with match alight
Behind the barricade,
Nor he who stoops to dynamite,
That makes us feel afraid.
For halter-end and prison-cell
Soon quench these brief alarms ;
But where are found the means to quell
The man with folded arms ?

We dread the man who folds his arms
And tells the simple truth,
Whose strong, impetuous protest charms
The virgin ear of youth,
Who scorns the vengeance that we wreak,
And smiles to meet his doom,
Who on the scaffold still can speak,
And preaches from the tomb.

Love the Oppressors

We kill the man with dagger drawn—
The man with loaded gun ;
They never see the morning dawn
Nor hail the rising sun ;
But who shall slay the immortal man
Whom nothing mortal harms,
Who never fought and never ran—
The man with folded arms?

Love the Oppressors

LOVE the oppressors and tyrants !
Love the men of violence and the men of greed,
the narrow men and the stubborn laggards who
hold the world back !
Love the scribes and Pharisees and hypocrites !
With love we shall dislodge them from their posts of
vantage.
They will have to love us in self-defence, for love is
hell-fire to the unloving.
We can mine and countermine their strongholds with
love, for love is the dynamite of heaven.
Love the oppressors and tyrants !
It is the only way to get rid of them.

The Round-Up of Love

The Round-Up of Love

HO, for the round-up of love !

The sun is rising ; come, out of bed, on with your boots, catch your tethered mustang, and quick with lasso into the saddle, ready to bring in all living creatures with your circling right arm !

Oh, to attach and embrace them and hold them all fast with love to the furthestmost limits of the world ;

To love your enemies and the looks of ugly women and the souls of mean men ;

Whether or not they kick and plunge, to round them all up in your heart ;

To have a soft place there, even, for the inexplicable rat and cockroach ;

To recognize in one and all at sundown the brand of the Almighty Lover—

There is a good day's work marked out for you !

Ho, for the round-up of love !

Look!

LOOK !
You have never looked.

Not a single thing in this great world have you seen as it ought to be seen.

You have grown up near-sighted, and have never so much as held the glasses to your eyes.

Hearts

With them you would behold other trees and mountains ;
The wagging tail of a dog, the hop of a song-sparrow,
would seem deep and wonderful ;
The human face would be transfigured, and reveal
unwonted mysteries.

Look !

Open the eyes of love and see a new heaven and a
new earth.

Hearts

DO I smile ?
Does my face show my joy in spite of all effort
to conceal it ?

And you can not guess my good fortune ?

No ; I have not picked up a purse, nor inherited an
estate, nor won a race, nor had a manuscript
accepted.

I have only found a new friend.

I have spun another golden thread out of my heart to
bind me to my fellows.

II

I THANK God for the hearts that are drawn close
to mine.

I love the feel of them.

They may be across the seas.

Wings

A letter, a word repeated, a bit of print, may be the
only hint I have of them.

I may not know their names nor they mine.

And yet I feel them clustering close.

I would not live in the same house with them nor
meet them vulgarly every day, for I might be
deluded into deeming them mere humdrum
people.

There are no humdrum people.

But I know those best whom I have only known at
their best and whose hearts are drawn close to
mine.

Wings

THE wings of the soul are made of love.

There is no other plumage so soft and beautiful.

There are no other pinions so sinewy and strong.

They alone soar dauntlessly sunward.

They sweep from horizon to horizon.

They hover and brood over all the rounded worlds.

They lift when all else is dragging down.

They are buoyant when all else is sinking.

Try your wings.

Spread them, trust yourself to them, exercise them
often, hold them ever in readiness.

They refresh weariness, bear up despondency, and
make joy deeper and unashamed.

But most of all in the hour of death you will need
them, for they alone can waft you over the
dark abyss.

Outward Bound

Outward Bound

I

DAY is only skin-deep, but the open night strikes
in to the soul and sets it free.

Oh, the freedom of night, when the brazen lid of day
is taken off the world !

Crossing from Jersey in one of dear Walt's ferry-boats,
we take a long course up the black North River
between the dim, electric-lighted cities.

The sky is lurid with the reflection over mysterious
twenty-storied Manhattan,

But above, above, the heavens extend themselves like
the starry tail of a peacock, arched over his
head by the wind, when he stamps his feet and
quivers and spreads his gorgeous canopy before
his enchanted mate, and his feathers rustle like
the forest leaves in a gale.

The sky, too, is tremulous over me, and seems to rustle
with inexpressible passion.

A small sailboat slides past in the dark, steering for
the bay and the sea, and rising and falling on
the harbor swell.

O tiny craft, with one lonely mariner, perhaps, under
the palpitating stars, how little the million-
headed city recks of you, or of the ocean or sky,
or of aught but itself !

Outward Bound

A narrow fringe of ships and wharves—the salt smell
penetrating a scant hundred yards up the
streets—and beyond that all mankind hopelessly
landbound !

Brave solitary helmsman, keep your head to the sea ;
do not let the electric lights draw you away
from the stars ;

Sail on and study the constellations, until you learn that
love hangs in solution in the universe, ready to
precipitate itself in every heart that is impatient
of base admixture.

II

IT is dangerous to set sail alone on the ocean of
truth.

Many a skipper has gone mad on that lonely sea.

They whisper of icebergs and maelstroms and anti-
diluvian monsters there.

If you must embark—if you feel irresistibly impelled
to quit the dry land of the continent of super-
stition which is our world—it is wiser perhaps
to hug the shore and never to leave the coast-
line out of sight.

Its harbors of time-honored error are so familiar and
homelike, while the perils of the high seas are
so new and startling and vague !

It is so much more comfortable to be insane with the
hoary insanities of the majority !

It is so reassuring to read the same delusions in the
eyes of our friends !

When the Bobolink Flies Low

The danger flag warning us not to go to sea is always
flying from the signal-station.
And yet I flout the danger flag.
I am a man and out to sea will I go.

When the Bobolink Flies Low

WHEN the bobolink flies low, close to the earth
and near the nest of his mate,
It is only then that he loves her as she would have
him love her ;
It is only then that in her he forgets all else.
But when he begins to soar, his love grows so immense
that she is almost lost in it.
He pours forth his soul up there unto the heavens
above and the earth beneath and all that in
them is.
How long have the poets made supreme the love of
man for woman and of woman for man. But
the bobolink knows more than they, up there
oblivious in the sky.

May

O MAY, May !
May of the fields bubbling over with bobolinks!
May of the forest splashed white with the dogwood !
May of the trees bearing birds' nests and blossoms,
shedding perfume and song !—
Why do you heartlessly slip through my fingers?

My Journey

August, with its crickets alive in the stubble and its dizzy, hot air a-simmering along the parched ground ;

October, bracing and strong, with its clear distant view of the yellow and red mountain maples—with its pink coral dogwood leaves close by ;

Mid-winter, with its snapping, thickening ice on the river and its black crows cawing above the snows—

All of them—all the other seasons—stay with me, give themselves up to me, satisfy me.

Only you, bewitching, evasive, elusive, forever changing, year after year escape.

My Journey

*To John Burroughs, from whom I obtained
the idea*

WHY should I travel, whom the journeying
year

Conveys, a passenger, from clime to clime ?

Now in the glades of tropic summer-time,
Where scarlet songsters pipe their note of cheer ;
Then through the harvest-land, where ear on ear
Of Indian corn swells in its vigorous prime,
And maples blush at kissing of the rime,
While hazy distances grow keen and clear ;

The Veery's Note

And then still northward to the snowy waste
Of dead December's realm where Cold is king,
Whence turning to the South I needs must haste
Toward the warm waking region of the Spring.
And all these lands I love, and, loving, fain
Would rest for long in each, but all in vain !

The Veery's Note

WHEN dear old Pan for good and all
Was driven from the woods he cherished,
How much he took beyond recall !
How many mysteries paled and perished !
The satyrs capered in his train,
While dryads trod a solemn measure,
Casting a backward glance in vain
On every haunt they used to treasure.

And having thus from glade and glen
Drawn by his pipe each sylvan wonder,
Pan, ere he vanished, turned again,
And broke his pipe of reeds asunder.
He broke his pipe, and cast away
In heedless wrath and grief behind him
The notes that he alone could play—
Then fled where we shall never find him.

The Veery's Note

The breezes tossed the notes about,
And dropped them in ravines and hollows ;
Many were lost, beyond a doubt,
In nooks where echo never follows ;
But here and there a silent bird,
Dejected with a nameless yearning,
Picked up a trembling note unheard
That set his heart and throat a-burning.

The nightingale, they say, found one
Beneath a moonlit thicket lying.
The lark, while soaring near the sun,
Caught his upon the wing a-flying.
And so the bobolink and thrush
Found ready-made their strains of magic,
Which make us laugh with glee, or hush
With sympathy for all that's tragic.

But one unearthly minor tone
That told how Pan's great heart was broken,
Exiled and homesick and alone
With cadences of things unspoken—
The witchery of a wild regret,
Vibrant, monotonous, and weary,
With hopeless longing to forget—
Fell to your lot, my woodland veery.

Yon tanagers are gay and red,
Indigo blue the bunting near them,
A yellow warbler flits o'erhead—
Their songs and plumage both endear them.

Farm Pictures

The veery's coat is dull and dun ;
He hides, and stills his song above you
At the least sound ; yet, modest one,
More than all other birds I love you !

I love you, for anew you stir
The old, inexplicable feeling.
I love you as interpreter
Of mysteries upon me stealing.
I love you, for you give a tongue
To silence. True, you are not cheery,
But where has songster ever sung
A note as weird as yours, my veery ?

Farm Pictures

I

WHEN others go for excitement to the city hall,
or exchange, or club,
I go to the farmyard, the heart and center of the life
of the farm.
From it go forth in the morning the laborers and teams
and machines and cattle, whose circulation gives
organic life to the domain.
At night they flow back again, and here is stored the
product of every acre, and here the cows are
milked and the butter is made.

Farm Pictures

Everything about us has the impress of real life and is full of live interest, even when I find no one at hand ready to discuss the crops or the weather.

Now they are loading hay on wagons to take to the station.

One after another the bales are rolled out of the barn ; a strong young man fastens them on an iron hook and weighs them on hanging scales.

Then he calls off the weight to the boss, who writes it down on a shingle, and afterward, when the bale is lowered to the ground, the lad paints the number of pounds with a brush on one of the slats that are bound round it.

Thereupon two men jerk the bales into the cart with hands and knees in unison.

Yonder three other wagons wait their turn.

The sun shines hot through the cool morning air ; the near gray horse is nibbling weeds on the left ; a fox-terrier lies panting in the shade of the load, alert for rats.

Now the wagon with its broad-tired wheels moves along heavy laden over the oozy carpet of hay on the ground, and another draws up.

Is there anything so vital as this in court-house, or public square, or ball-room ?

This is the real thing, for which at best they stand.

They are faint reflections of this genuine life of man between the sun and the soil.

The heart of the farm is the true heart of society.

Farm Pictures

II

I AM paying my morning call to the cow-stable.
The big Jersey bull resists and jerks back his thick-set head when I put my hand in the deep dent between his eyes, and the ring in his nose clicks against the edge of his manger.

As I pass along the rows of heads, stopping before each one, the yearlings touch my hand with their moisture-beaded noses and run out their tongues over their toothless upper jaws and gently rasp my fingers with them.

The brindle cow is licking her wet bull calf, dropped just ten minutes ago, as it lies on the straw, while she utters a plaintive little cry of astonishment and fear at my approach.

I peer into the eyes of all of them in search of something lurking behind.

I see in these dull bovine pupils, as through dense smoked glasses, the deep, distant, smoldering Intelligence.

It is there—feeble, mysterious, so far away—just as I see it through the dusk of my own soul.

We are all so vague, so unconcentrated, so somnolent, so vegetable !

When the Intelligence once emerges, when it flames instead of smolders, when it flashes from the East even unto the West—then eyes and souls will have become transparent, and truth will have reclaimed the uttermost frontiers.

Farm Pictures

III

AS we walk down the long, low sheds of the stock-farm, with rows of box stalls on either hand, the gentle racers come, full of curiosity, to the windows and put out their beautiful heads with ears to the front, while they sniff the air with mobile nostrils.

How friendly they are as we pat their warm noses and listen to the groom who recites their good points and pedigrees !

They have seen nothing but the loving side of man and know us as we should be.

The brood-mares in their shaggy winter coats are on in the paddock in the snow.

The nine-day-old colt, dropped out of season, is in the heated stable with her dam, and runs up to us like a pet dog.

They are almost human, these graceful, affectionate creatures, and the eight-months' black colt, the pride of the farm (who has a mile record already to his credit and is led out every day for the owner to feast his eyes upon), seems to know his high birth and breeding.

O horse, brother and companion and equal of huntsman and soldier—

Nobler than lion or tiger or polar bear—

Has your strenuous master, astride of you, ever thought himself that you are the handiwork of fright and timidity ?

Farm Pictures

Product of centuries long of running away, you surpass the products of ages of combat.

With no weapons but your Parthian heels, you have acquired what claws and teeth could never have won for you.

Survival of the fleetest, you have outstripped the survivors of the most belligerent.

In you, cowardice throws down the gauntlet to courage, and nervousness to nerve.

IV

WHAT are you thinking of, my stalwart lad, as you plant Indian corn in the next row to me and cover it with your hoe?

I very much fear that, if your mind is working at all, you are thinking of your twenty dollars wage at the end of the month and of the instalment due on your bicycle, which must come out of it.

If it were your own field, you would probably be calculating the market value of a bushel next winter.

You see how it is : you are not looking straight at your work, but rather at what comes back to you from it.

As you walk along, putting your hand deftly into your bag, your thoughts wander from your task to the return from it.

Instead of looking at your work, you are really looking behind you.

Farm Pictures

Eyes right ! Observe the seeds of corn as they fall
from your hand.

Think of the harvest.

Think of sturdy men and women, East and West,
feasting on the corn cake and Indian meal and
hominy.

Think of useful cattle and hard-worked horses relish-
ing the sweet ears.

Be proud that you sustain scores of lives, and know
more of real honor and honesty than all the
bustling men in town.

There are great possibilities in our corn-field, if you
would but explore them.

Look at your work, and you will see further into the
world than your inch-deep planting.

Nay, you may even get a glimpse at the very secret of
things.

All the revolution that mankind is yearning for is just
this : to make men look in the direction of their
work, to emphasize service and not wages, to
ask How much good will it do? and not Does
it pay?

Eyes right ! and you will do your share in setting the
world straight.

And corn will be worth more in those days, too,
For it will be a message of good will, and to eat it will
be a feast of thankfulness.

Farm Pictures

V

THE buckwheat-field is a-buzz with bees, and here and there dusky butterflies dot the snowy expanse.

Oh, the white-green buckwheat !

As I gaze at the curling edge of the field from where I stand in the close-mown meadow, and watch the afternoon sunlight melting through, it looks like a line of emerald foam-topped billows, and the bees and butterflies are playing in the spray. The air is heavy with the prophetic smell of dark-brown honey.

Behold a land flowing with milk and honey indeed ! It is more than a figure of speech, for there it lies stretched out before me.

Perhaps I might draw some lesson from it, even as the bees suck out its very essence.

But no ; to-day the buckwheat-field is enough, just as it lies there, green and white in the sun.

VI

IN the old meadow—unshorn now these three years, its locks were so thin—

Little birch-trees are springing up here and there with pendent, tremulous leaves, their tops almost as high as my knee.

Long ago this was all woodland, and we still call it, in good old doubtful Dutch, the “Buccobush” (the birchwood).

Farm Pictures

All these years the forest has lain in wait under the
ground watching its opportunity.

All these years it has let the plowshare glide over its
head.

All these years it has submitted to the tiresome round
of Indian corn, oats, winter grain, and the half
dozen seasons of grass.

But now, as soon as a vulnerable breach appears in
the toilsome tidy years, it rushes in helter-
skelter.

The wilderness is the hungry residuary devisee of all
our estates.

The forest lurks impatient under every meadow.

And in us, beneath the cultivated surface, is there not
a wild birchwood, too, thrusting its shoots up to
the light?

Is the savage in us buried so very deep?

What is there between us, O wild mother earth, but a
thin partition of labored culture?

VII

THE farm-hand has finished his evening chores,
and is walking homeward around the corner of
the barn in the mud.

You can hear the horses crunching their oats inside
almost as loud as a grist-mill.

The other men have already gone, and he alone is in
sight.

Farm Pictures

But no, down the hill comes the owner of the estate.
He calls the laborer and holds out his wages to him,
for it is the last day of the month.
The man approaches, sheepishly, takes the roll of
bills, and thrusts it into his waistcoat pocket
with his thumb.
He has no manners, and neither touches his hat nor
says "Thank you" for the money.
But then his employer has no manners either, and
does not touch his hat nor thank him for his
month of hard toil.

What are they thinking of, these two men—the rich
man, fresh and clean in the best of riding-
clothes, and the workman, in his stained red
shirt-sleeves and top-boots covered with man-
ure?

The laborer is thinking, "What a lucky fellow I am,
with a steady job all the year round, my wages
always paid on the day, and a pretty easy boss
to get on with in the bargain!"

The employer is thinking, "Why should this man be
working for a loafer like me and not I for
him?"

His days are as full, as mine are empty, of useful-
ness.

I ought to be ashamed to masquerade through life
as his superior.

Why was I born into such a topsyturvy world?"

Farm Pictures

VIII

THE funeral of a farm-laborer's young wife is passing over the hill.

The dominie drives ahead in his buggy.

Then comes the hearse, followed by half a dozen carriages.

In the first sit the bereaved mother and husband.

She is weeping, heart-broken, yet thinking what a fine funeral it is and what an impression it will make on the village.

He is recalling sadly the history of his two years of married life, the dead baby, the empty home, all the little plans for a lifetime so soon brought to an end.

Now he must sell the furniture they were so proud of and board again with the farmer.

He rubs his red eyes with his awkward, wrinkled black glove, and leaves a dark purple streak on his cheek.

I had not expected to see a funeral, and yet it fits in with everything else, as all things natural do.

It is the first day with a touch of Spring in it.

Spring has really arrived, and I have come out as a reporter, note-book in hand, to interview her as a distinguished stranger.

I turn away from the black procession and I see the distant mountains as snowy still as the Alps.

Here around us the snow has almost disappeared, but

Farm Pictures

to the north of each clump of spruce-trees it lies
like a white shadow.

The ducks have rediscovered the pond, hidden until
last week under a foot or more of ice and snow.

Now and then an enterprising frog croaks feebly.

White horsehair lies about the stable like little tufts
of fur.

There is a tinge of green in the grass on the south
slope of the lawn.

In the woods there is scarcely a sign of the coming
change, and last year's dead oak leaves still
hang on bravely.

In the orchard robins and song-sparrows are singing,
and one bluebird has fallen, like a drop of sky,
into a bare apple-tree.

I hear the woodpecker at work at his xylophone, pick-
ing out the best instrument he can find.

Beyond the road a farm-hand is drilling oats, with the
long summer stretching out before him.

A pair of black butterflies, their wings tipped with
yellow, are flying and flirting in the warm sun-
shine.

The air is hazy, and the smell of burning leaves and
brush makes me drowsy.

The sun is crying "Wake up!" and the earth is
yawning and stretching and saying, "It isn't
quite time to get up yet."

Nevertheless the young life is pulsing everywhere.

Love, hope, and strength are all alive just below the
surface.

Farm Pictures

The carriages are coming back from the funeral.

The mother has stopped crying and is putting her hat straight.

The husband has just made up his mind not to sell the furniture—he will store it instead. Who knows? Some day it may come in handy.

And the wife over the hill—if she sees them she is not angry.

She is smiling, wherever she is, for there is love and hope and strength and Spring for her also.

IX

IT is September. They are at work in the woods getting out stone for the new barn.

One man leans with his back against the great rock holding a drill between his legs with both hands.

Two men, standing one on each side, bring down their sledge-hammers with wonderful precision on the head of the drill, which he turns round mechanically at each stroke.

The “chink-chink-chink” echoes through the woods. The men talk carelessly of this and that, unmindful of their skill and usefulness.

Broken stones lie about their feet, and there is a pile of them over there waiting for the cart to carry them away.

The rock is split here and there; and where it has been torn away we see the flattened root of

Farm Pictures

a tottering black birch-tree, which has been swelling imprisoned in a crevice for years.

The arms and faces of the men are sunburned, and their clothing is worn and discolored.

There is a faint smell of powder, sweat, and birch bark in the air.

In the neighboring field a sturdy lad is plowing with a team of bays.

He guides the plow with both hands, the reins passing round his waist.

The plowshare twists out a long ribbon of green sod, and deposits it, with the shiny brown side up, in the next furrow.

A score of crow-blackbirds strut about over the fresh upturned soil.

Not far away is the big house, where on the veranda well-dressed, able-bodied men and women are sipping superfluous tea and talking of idle journeys and novels and pastimes.

And on them all the all-forgiving sun is shining.

x

WHAT a grand game golf would be on these October days (so I think to myself as I stride up the hill toward the putting-green near the half-yellowed oak-grove at the top)—

What a grand game golf would be if that man over

Farm Pictures

the fence there on the left would only stop plowing for winter grain !

Now we have holed in, and my companion in pink shirt and knickerbockers is driving from the tee.

With an easy sweep he sends his ball skimming miraculously through the air, and it lands well beyond the bunker far below us.

I follow, but I still have that wretched plowman in the corner of my eye, and my ball bumps lamely down the slope.

If I am to go on playing golf we must put up a seven-foot wall around the links.

There are twenty-two people indulging in the game this morning besides me (I have just counted them—men and women and boys and girls), and almost all have sharp eyes.

Is it not rather odd that not one of them has seen that plowman—that, in fact, in the whole course of their existence they have never seen a live plowman ?

They may look at him as he stumbles along behind his plow, but they do not see him.

They will dine sumptuously to-night on the bounty which he and his fellows provide.

They will perhaps go through the form of thanking God for what they receive, but they will forget to give thanks to the plowman, without whom God would quite justly have left them to starve.

Farm Pictures

Their only sensation will be the comfortable one of having passed a profitable day in chasing a rubber ball.

They will not think of the caddies whom we have beguiled and perverted into believing that golf is the serious business of life.

They give no thought, as they read the name of "Silvertown" on the white balls, to the toilers in East London slums whom they allure into useless labor, nor to the ever-increasing number of lives wasted in ministering to their idleness and luxury, and the ever-growing burden which they are heaping upon the plowman's stooping back.

"Live on other people's labor"—that is the device of our nobility.

Knowing this, how can I look the plowman in the face, cleek in hand, without blushing?

Yet we forsooth are the custodians of honor!

The vulgar plowman, who feeds fifty of us for a bare living for himself, he is ignorant of honor.

He may be low enough to steal apples from our trees (which he planted and for which he cares), and in case of need he might be willing to beg.

Naturally we, whose whole life is nourished by what we steal and beg from him, look down upon him, while he, poor idiot, very likely looks up at us.

Oh, for a little sense of humor in this ridiculous world,

Farm Pictures

to laugh away the shams and put us out of countenance !

The sight of a man at his plow should be enough to paralyze every right hand that grasps a golf-club, and with it the fruit of another's toil.

XI

OVER the quiet afternoon pasture, where the cows are browsing with their leader at their head, each knowing the place to which her courage and character entitle her ;

Over the flock of sheep on the other side of the rough stone wall, where the gray fleeces cluster thick to keep out the November north wind ;

Over the peaceful barnyard yonder, where the calves are waiting for the tardy pail and the chickens are scratching for their supper—

Over it all (as I gather nuts under the clump of hickory-trees in the corner of the cow-pasture, where the sluggish brook winds its way and the sun's rays slant brightly through the trunks)—

Over it all I see the dull, inevitable shadow of the butcher's knife.

All nature round me is beautiful and suggestive and full of interest.

The narrow path of the woodchuck in the grass leading to his back door and looking almost as if it had been made by a single wheel ;

Farm Pictures

The wisp of hay still clinging to the stray apple-tree
where the hay loads passed four months ago ;

The half-torpid bees haunting the sunshine in the garden
and kissing the chrysanthemums a last good-by ;

The great procession of cawing crows pursuing their
regular avenue in the sky to the southwest,
with bands of stragglers behind—

How full it all is of life and mystery and romance and
solace !

But it can not conceal the butcher's knife looming
above the farm and every farm.

The black cow is lowing uneasily toward the barn-
yard, and her calf, taken from her after a few
hours of wonderful common life, answers in a
high note.

The calves are sucking each other's ears for want of
their dams, and one of them has already one ear
sucked to half the size of the other.

In the pigsty, in enforced filth and idleness, the pigs
will pass a wintry night in two inches of freez-
ing slime, without a dry spot to lie on.

Visions of cattle-trains, foodless and waterless, in
frigid cold and torrid heat for weary days ;

Of cattle-ships in storms, the maimed and dying
thrown together ;

Of herds of steers, benumbed and starving in the snows
of the Northwest ;

Of huge abattoirs, with hardened men and boys in

Farm Pictures

bloody aprons and noble animals crazed with
fright ;
Of little slaughter-houses in the country, with their
heaps of offal and vile stench polluting the
meadows—
Visions such as these hang over the farm.

Death is natural, I own, and without it this world
might be cursed with life ;
But when it comes at the edge of the cold and sharp-
ened steel, at the behest of man's perverted
appetite and cruel will, and strikes the young
and lusty and vigorous ;
When death is made the chief end of life, and life
becomes the handmaid of death, and nature is
prostituted to the express manufacture of fat-
tened corpses—
Then is death hideous indeed.
And over all the autumn beauties of sight and scent
and feeling broods lowering the shadow of the
needless butcher's knife.

XII

MORE beautiful than the rosy sunsets of the Nile,
mixing sand and sky in far-away mysteries of
splendor ;
More beautiful than the foggy lagoons of the North,
with their delicate and subtile tones of gray ;
More beautiful than dark ravine and snowy waterfall—

Farm Pictures

Is to me the sight of the hen in the barnyard, swelling
with protection and pride over her new-hatched
chicks as they peer out from under her feathers ;
Or the cat in the kitchen licking her soft kittens, whose
eyes are not yet open ;
Or the young wife, merged in her baby, as she gazes
upon it and presses it to her bosom.

How hospitably Nature puts forth all her best for the
reception of these little immigrants from the
invisible as they land upon our foreign shore !

“ It is a world of love,” she tells them, and for a time
they find it so.

Only as we grow older, she seems to become dis-
appointed in us, and weans us from her and her
primal loving purpose ;

But still she is never discouraged, and she turns with
the same extended hand and the same warm,
miraculous welcome to the ever-arriving host of
little wanderers.

Dear Nature, I have well observed your friendliness
to the stranger, and, knowing you as I do, how
can I fear the voyage which you will call upon
me to make into the great Unknown ?

I am satisfied that I shall find you there, even as I
found you here, awaiting me with motherly,
outstretched arms ;

Your first look, at any rate, will be one of eager, affec-
tionate greeting.

The Sheep-Dog

The Sheep-Dog

I BELIEVE in the world.

I stake my reputation as a prophet on its future.
I am sure that it will come out all right in the end, and
that is the reason why I am forever worrying it
and barking at it like a shepherd's dog driving
sheep.

If I did not think it would keep to the right road
in the long run, I would not trouble myself
about it.

The sheep-dog enjoys life, too, as well as any one, but,
alas ! why is it that the sheep always misunder-
stand him and his intentions ?

Epilog

O YE who preach in season and out of season (am
I not one of them ?), hold your peace, for the
wind of heaven is blowing !

O ye who insist upon lighting the world, snuff out
your smoking torches, for the Sun himself is
shining !

No longer teach, but be taught ; no longer warm, but
be warmed ; no longer mold, but be molded.

Let yourselves flow into the wind and melt into the
sunshine, and feel for once the quiet power of
God.

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